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FOOT PRINTS

ON THE SANDS OF TIME

AND

OTHER PIECES

BY

JAMES B. ALEXANDER

Author of "Dynamic Theory," "Soul And Its Bearings," etc.

1910

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Preface

All the pieces in this collection are original with me except the piece entitled "A London Ballad". This piece essays to make fun of the Evolution Theory. In the piece following which I have named "Tit for Tat" I have held up the old Theory that was invented by Moses and Ezra, defending the evolution Theory by the same weapon of ridicule with which the London poet attacks it. The fact is the theological cult has no argument to oppose to science and is equally destitute of argument with which to support the grotesque cosmogony of Genesis. Not having legitimate resources for either attack or defense they have fallen back on ridicule as the only thing they have left. Wherefore we often find the funny side of evolution held up to ridicule but never any longer to logic—by the tribe of Moses and Ezra. It would not be safe from their point of view. It seems to me that much of the sober story of Moses and Esra, might in the first instance have been attributed to an ungodly jester. No fiction can be more absurd than Moses and Ezra's alleged facts. In answering

ridicule in kind, care must be had that pique run not into malice. Good humor is the very pith and heart of legitimate ridicule.

As for the rest little or nothing need be said. Good naturedly or otherwise, the contest just begun is bound to go forward, and reach a termination as to the most vital points in the controversy before many of the contestants are ready for it.

J. B. A.

Footprints on the Sands of Time.

A TALE OF A MISSING LINK.

Once on a time a famous poet wrote,
The classic words that I'm about to quote,
Of people making tracks upon the sand,
Down on the shore where ocean meets the land.

Or rather as I recollect the rhyme,
Of leaving foot-prints on the sands of time;
To be there after we are dead and gone;
Where men to come can find them later on.

And finding, take heart in the bracing thought
That others too as well as they have fought
And won their victories often dearly bought,
Or seen their painful labors come to nought.

What means these "Sands of Time?" The Human Race,
From out the dark and dim mysterious land
That represents the past, with fateful pace
Swarms on across this yielding stretch of sand;

And plunging in for ever, ever more,
In ocean, dark, profound, without a shore,
Except the shore they leave, they sink! sink! sink!
Does any tie remain or any link?

Elastic, strong to bind them to the past?
Did ever friendly wave or pitying blast
A single soul in kindness shoreward cast
With message of the fate to fall at last?

No! From eternity can none compel
One word of future life or heaven or hell,
He leaves us still to blunder, grope and guess
With what small wit and wisdom we possess.

Baffled and stunned, to desperation driven,
The problem o'er and o'er we turn in vain;
With absolutely no conditions given,
What answer can we ever hope to gain?

Let everlasting Doom his secrets keep!
Turn we to other problems not so deep.
What of the "Sands of Time" upon the shore
Of doom? What of the foot-prints scattered o'er.

Behold these paths criss-crossed or parallel,
Diverging, meeting—What have these to tell?
Innumerable feet have trod these ways;
They tell us tales of men of other days.

A narrow path is here, a wider there,
While further on a broad highway shows
where
Some tribe or nation populous and great
Pressed forward to its predetermined fate.

Upon these narrow trails small sects or clans
Or parties traversed their allotted spans,
And when their vestiges were duly cast
Oblivions waves submerged them all at last.

Yet here no single foot-prints can be seen,
All is smoothed down to one monotonous mean;
Though many may have been at first impressed,
Each is obliterated by the rest.

For individual foot-prints we must look;
Between the paths in unfrequented nook;
Where traveling is difficult and rough;
While he who travels there is made of stuff;

Unlike the castings of the common mould;
Impatient of restraint, unfearing, bold,
With small regard for artificial rules
Or hackneyed wit of unprogressive schools.

Drawing from nature undisguised by art
His inspiration for an untried part
In life's great drama true to faith and fact
Mayhap the opening lines of some new act.

Observe the foot-prints left where he has trod,
  Well printed tracks impressed by feet unshod;
His own peculiar tracks—so does he choose,
  Shall be the prints of feet not boots and shoes.

That they their natural features may disclose,
  The heel, sole, arch—particularly those
Significant, fantastic, tell-tale toes—
  What sort of tale have they to tell? Who
    knows?

You'd scarcely think if you should look me o'er,
  That I would care to leave upon the shore,
The prints of my small feet, these number sevens,
  Amongst the giant tracks of tens and 'levens.

Unprepossessing, shy and old, and bent,
  Why should not such a one be well content,
To shuffle by the easy way, along
  The easy route by which the mighty throng.

Plods on with just as little thought of how
  Or where or when as may suffice them now—
Thought? No, they scarcely think, they only feel
  Uneasy feelings—these alone are real.

Real maladies, and men by every act
 They ever do assert and prove the fact,
'Tis certainly the business of our lives,
  To kill our feelings—rather each one strives.

To kill itself and dying re-appear,
In other form, a gesture, groan or tear,
Or step to bear the weary pilgrim soul
One more degree toward its destined goal.

Lethean ocean waits with smacking lips
And lapping tongues, each coming soul that dips
But hand or foot beneath the wave, or sips
A drowsy draught; forthwith that soul it strips.

Of memories and thoughts and hopes and pains,
And thus at once the soul at length attains
The end of feelings all as it had done
Piecemeal before by strangling one by one.

Thus, living, yet continuously we die.
The life we prize involves the death we mourn;
We ne'er can reach the rest that seems so nigh,
While to the soul new feelings still are born.

Now every common feeling of our lives,
We know is coming ere it well arrives,
And meeting it with antidote and cure,
We make its ending or abortion sure.

These chronic hungers come alike to all
For shelter, rest and sleep, food, drink and clothes,
And even on each other we may call
For help to overthrow these common foes.

But hardly are these maladies subdued
Than forth there comes another clamorous brood,
True daughters of the horse leech crying "Give!
Give! What is life if we no more than live?"

Thus feeling killed is like a river dammed,
Whose onward rush but for a moment calmed,
It forth resumes its undiminished sweep
Of waters dark tumultuous and deep.

With timorous eddies clinging to the shore
Irresolute retreating then once more
Advancing under protest; while the flood
Unhalting hurries on its load of mud.

To be upon the future delta cast
The pregnant contribution of the past;
And plotting whirlpools, treacherous and false,
Death masquerading in their dizzy waltz.

And rippling rivulets that laugh alone,
And solemn pools with secrets all their own.
And spray, ascending spirit of the fall,
And mist, mysterious coverlet of all.

The meaning of this allegory's plain,
The river stands for feelings in the main;
The common feelings rising day by day,
We murder these while trudging on the way.

While all the accessorial forms, of rill
And rivulet and pool, and mist and spray
Are rarer feelings difficult to kill
Or even diagnose in common way.

Queer and unusual maladies are these,
Not to be cured by common remedies,
But as I said if they are let alone
They mostly cure themselves by ways their own.

Because these feelings end themselves 'tis clear,
In giving rise to actions just as queer.
For as indignant feelings make one fight
Just so "furor scribendi" makes him write.

Most every one feels in his secret breast
Encysted there an unobtrusive wish
To be remembered in his long, long rest,
And not forgotten like a beast or fish.

But oft some vagrant germ of discontent
Inoculating wish creates desire;
Which growing stronger by development
Becomes an inflammation fierce as fire.

When one is liable to such attacks,
Scarce anything will cure him short of tracks;
A trail of tracks that he may leave behind,
For others coming after him to find.

He never counts at all rest, comfort, ease,
He never can be cured by such as these,
Real work he realizes must be done,
He cannot try or wish to shirk or shun.

If work is done outside the common grooves
Society most likely disapproves;
Folks gravely shake their heads at each new plan,
And hinder and defeat it if they can.

How know the folks by what appellatives
The ones who seek to thwart our patient's ends?
His enemies, his jealous relatives,
His envious neighbors, his officious friends.

They ridicule and lecture him and scold,
And mock and hector him and cut him cold,
And coax and wheedle him and preach and pray
And talk behind his back and thus they say:

"Absurd to go without his shoes and sox
We must not let him get the best of us,
And flout our ways all strictly orthodox;
But make him imitate the rest of us.

"Even if tracks must be made they're far more neat
When made by stylish shoes, than naked feet:
Bare feet! How very coarse and unrefined—
Indeed he must wear shoes and wear our kind.

Should he establish his presumptuous views
Against the rules of those who think for us.
The makers of our fashionable shoes—
'Twould be a bitter draught to drink for us.

So if bare-footed he will traipse about
Ashamed to see his tracks we'll rub them out,
And institute if he don't walk just so
An inquirendum de lunatico.

"Why wa'nt his ailment such as we have got!
For then we'd tell him what to do for it;
An odd, eccentric obstinate old lot
To put us all in such a stew for it."

They'll "rub them out" aye that's the rub. In sand
The best made prints will hardly ever stand
The wear and tear that common weather sends,
Much less the vicious jabs of hostile friends.

The Geologians tell us they have found
In strata raised from far beneath the ground
Foot-prints of reptiles easy to be known,
And tracks of birds too, pressed there in the stone.

And even drops of rain once left their prints
In unmistakable and slanting dints,
A hasty shower from the south south-west,
Long, long ago, its date can scarce be guessed.

These prints made on a softened beach and dried;
The beach of some old, Mesozoic sea,
Were buried by the slow returning tide
With mud spread gently but effectively.

Which hardening into rock and sinking down,
A thousand fathoms more of rock and clay
Were piled on top and then again this crown
Of rock was swept away and light of day.

Shown on those old, old signatures once more,
A thousand, thousand ages had passed o'er,
Gone was the ancient ocean and the shore,
While they were fresh as e'er they'd been before.

Can we not take a gentle hint from this?
Why need our foot-prints always fall amiss?
If buried rightly it may be inferred
They'll last as long as those of frog or bird.

Sky his daring aim, mud his place of birth;
Man is a reptile and a bird in one;
Now groveling in the slimy pools of earth,
Now winged and soaring to the dazzling sun.

Man is of his mean origin ashamed
To be with brutes by science classed and named,
Ashamed to share with them a common blood,
Ashamed to make his tracks in common mud.

But let him soar and soar however high,
Like birds, his homing back to earth must be,
He cannot stamp his foot-prints on the sky,
Nor there, in air, work out his destiny.

Each one should choose the method of his tracks
Best suited to his own peculiar case,
Since one has qualities another lacks;
No more are folks alike in feet than face.

And now I think so far as I'm concerned,
My form of tracks will be a modest book,
Not very thick, nor very deep nor learned,
I'll bury this where none will likely look;

To find it in the next ten thousand years
In some library vast and full of nooks
And shelves, the tombs of poets, prophets, seers,
Dry, dusty, musty catacombs for books.

So eager to be buried is a book!
The usual form it seems to overlook
Of dying first—Indeed it does not die;
It only sleeps and may be said to lie;

Or stand in comatose and dreamless doze
And yet it has no secrets it can keep.
If questioned it will tell you all it knows,
Incontinently talking in its sleep.

Most any little book might well be proud,
To doze away the years with such a crowd,
Illustrious with learning art and wit—
Not all alas does this description fit.

Oft mediocrity in calf or sheep
Flouts merit clad in buckram plain and cheap;
So, envious, little book, thou shouldst not be,
There, there now, go to sleep and R. I. P.

Ten million years have gone! Well, let them go!
No more than ten are they to one asleep,
What boots it—long or short or fast or slow
Without the tally which the feelings keep?

The year ten million eighteen thirty one!
How strange the folks of this late age appear!
John Smith! behold your strictly lineal son
With neither tooth nor toe nor hair nor ear!

With spindle shanks and archless clubby feet,
Not strong nor agile nor to my taste, neat;
But my! his head! what room for mental stores!
'Twill hold at least John thrice as much as yours.

Here come a group like steeples on their points,
Top-heavy slim macrocephalous folks,
Not very supple in their limbs and joints,
But full of mots, and repartees, and jokes.

Quite civilized though mostly young I guess;
But one is older and of different dress;
They call him "Prof;" this is his class, I see,
Ah yes; their study is geology.

For see their outfit strapped upon their backs,
A spade, a pick some hammers and an ax
To smite the rocks and open up the cracks;
Let's see! Wa'nt it near this we left our tracks,

'Way back in eighteen thirty one? so changed
Is this whole place! A solitude 'tis now,
Where once a mighty nation thronged and ranged;
There is the ragged shore with beetling brow.

Raised high as if by some seismic force,
And at its base the sloping beach of sand;
Now turned to rock with every path and course,
And foot-print buried with the ancient strand.

But where's the Lethean Sea that washed this beach?
And stretched away in endless, endless reach,
And has it found a bottom and a shore?
And are its secrets, secrets nevermore?

Upon the Lethean shore **Time** bares his brow
And bids defiance to **Eternity**;
They battle in the ever moving **Now**
And Time, the victor always seems to be.

The waves retreat before aggressive Time,
And he like some Cyclopean giant strides
Resistless, self-reliant, proud, sublime,
And thus his foe he hectors and derides.

"We often credit wisdom to the dumb
Who'd but expose their folly could they speak
It seems so very knowing to be mum,
But in thy stolid face we vainly seek;

"To find intelligence for not a gleam
Rewards our scrutiny nor does it seem
That thou wilt e'er thy buried secrets yield;
In vain to thee the helpless have appealed.

In vain to thee the sorrowing have kneeled;
Thine ears as well as lips are surely sealed,
And surely thou art deaf as well a dumb.
But finally thou surely must succumb.

Behold the empire I have wrenched from thee
Torn from thy nerveless grasp, Eternity!
Canst thou forever such reprisals stand?
Thy wat'ry waste—I'll turn it all to land.

And plant with my young vigor—make it breed,
And bring forth life-perpetuating seed;
See what I've done 'tis naught to what I'll do,
And when I've finished what is left for you."

Eternity is silent as the sphinx
But list! Those smacking lips and tongues methinks
So softly lapping Times's late conquered sand,
Are whispering something, could we understand.

"Dost thou boast thy youth? Youth means change, and growth
And age; and age implies decay and death;
I am not young, I never was, nor doth
Decay breathe over me his mouldy breath.

I never change I am not bound by laws;
I am not old nor will I ever be;
In the past I am, in the future, was—
Past, present, future only one to me.

All thou hast seized is not a beetles pinch;
And, strangely? All thy valor, greed and skill
Have not reduced my domain by an inch
And take whate'er thou wilt they never will.

I swallow up thy creatures and their works,
Thy secrets soon or late all fall to me,
Thy boasted wisdom, taunts and witty quirks;
And boaster last of all I'll swallow thee.

Traceless forever shall thy foot-prints be;
As furrow plowed by ship across the sea;
As serpent's trail on rock swept clean and bare;
As flight of eagle cleft through thinnest air.'"*
*Proverbs, 30-19.

And so contend the Titan's on the shore;
Men by the hypnotizing danger lured,
With nervous haste press to the very fore,
Sure unrest can by un-rest ne'er be cured.

But Time engrossed with his stern enterprise
Unheed's the mangled crowds beneath his feet
As he his fatal mace with vigor plies,
Against the sullen waves in measured beat;

Still other crowds are swept at every blow,
The risk is theirs, Time stays not cannot stay;
And thus mankind forever come and go,
His to create at first, at last to slay.

And others still press on ahead of Time,
In dalliance with the dark narcotic waves,
And multitudes still in their youth or prime,
Find only prematurely there their graves.

To whom howe'er the end may come at last,
All to the same forgetfulness are passed.
Each wave recoiling from Time's fateful blow;
Drags victims in the treacherous undertow .

And thus the staggering shore of **Now** retreats;
And men drag forward their uneasy seats;
Each life a tragic comedy completes;
And history in endless rote repeats.

* * *

"Eureka! Prof! Come see what I have found,
Here just beneath the surface of this mound,
A curious specimen to say the least;
What is it? Mollusk, reptile, fish or beast?"

Nay, nay, my lad give your opinion first,
To show us what proficiency you've made,
How well by Alma Mater you've been nursed;
Assign your fossil to its proper grade;

Its species, genus, family and race;
Then give a name, the privilege due your skill,
Perhaps your own as frequently the case,
"Molluskus Jonesii" or what you will.

Well then Professor, I am free to say
I think it is a mollusk. I am led,
A Cephalopod to judge it by the way
That tentacles sprout forth around its head.

Just five of these projecting out in front,
But where its tail should be, 'tis round and blunt;
Since tails are mostly pointed it must be
This creature is of some new family."

"Your explication is ingenious, quite,
But I regret to say is far from right;
This fossil is remarkable and rare;
None found in fifty years that I'm aware.

"But now observe this is no fossil fish;
Or animal at all of any kind,
It is a foot-print plain as one could wish;
They go in pairs—these prints, and you will find.

"Three feet ahead, one to the right, no doubt,
A mate to this for they are lefts and rights,
So on; three feet apart or thereabout,
Dig up some more; twill help your appetites.

"Now some of you may tell us if you please
What sort of creature made such tracks as
these."
"Should I professor one more venture dare
I feel quite sure it must have been a bear.

"A bear makes foot-prints plantigrade like these,
In fact they are as much alike as peas;
Heels on the ground; and, furthemore because
What I called tentacles are plainly claws."

Quite clever lad, but quite mistaken yet,
To controvert your views I much regret;
No, these are not the foot-prints of a bear,
But of an animal beyond compare.

"Superior in all respects; in fine,
Feet features of the human form divine."
"Why good Professor! sure you cannot mean
That these are human tracks; 'tis easily seen.

"We could not make such brutish tracks as these,
And are we not called human—if you please?"
"True, true, your point is taken well. No doubt
This creature was (I should have said) about

"Half human, though from such as he we trace
The lineage of our present Human Race.
Our old ancestral ape had on his feet
Five digits good as fingers quite complete.

"Prehensile hold-fast handy organs, these;
Call them claws or fingers as you please;
This fossil track, these former digits shows,
Reduced to useless stumps—they called them toes.

"We luckily are rid of them for good,
(Excepting for a brief prenatal term)
They never had for aught but mischief stood
With troublous nails and corns to shoot and squirm.

"Observe again the arching of the sole,
Quite useful to the ape in climbing trees—
The bottom of the foot shaped round the bole;
This feature was inherited by these,

"Our ancestors who made these tracks, but we,
Have scarcely any of it left you see
And other points they had which we have not,
And think we're better off by quite a lot.

"Our knowledge of these folks is not confined
To tracks alone, for they have left behind,
Inscriptions, sculptures, monuments and books
That tell their works and forms and ways and looks.

"Long ages anteceding history's birth
Men fought with beasts for mastery of earth
Terrific monsters swarmed from den and lair;
Or crawled from swamps or darted through
the air.

"All armed with knife-like teeth in vise-like-jaws,
And ponderous members wielding deadly claws,
Each one the foe of all the rest, and man;
And he his own—each clan at feud with clan.

"When man from out this bloody contest came
Victorious over beast and Lord of Earth—
Of all except himself—peace seemed too tame
To launch this victory of greatest worth.

"For in those times our now united race
Was split in factions—nations, tribes and
clans;
When these were foes, as commonly the case,
They strained their energies with treacherous
plans.

To rob each other, maim, destroy and kill
With brute ferocity and human skill
The carnage thus went on and human blood
Still soaked the thirsty earth—a crimson flood.

And we the peace and safety we enjoy
To these sad, sanguinary struggles owe.
These are the brutal means the fates employ
To prove the strong, the weak, the swift the slow.

'Tis heartless force not love that doth decree
Survival of the fittest, 'tis not hate,
Directs the fate o'erwhelming you and me
When in the race we lag, too weak, too late.

Fair smiling Peace is born from murderous strife,
Death only clears the way for larger life;
Be slow to blame these Fathers of our Race,
Our all back to their martyrdom we trace.

"This ancient man possessed a little wing
Stuck on each side his head—'twas called an ear,
A gristly, moveless, useless homely, thing,
No help at all to either fly or hear.

"It was the law in very ancient times
To crop these ears in punishment for crimes,
But why 'twas punishment well rid to be
Of hideous things like these it puzzles me.

Likewise he had upon his face and head
Hirsute appendages in black and red,
A savage crop of bristles, whiskers, hair,
For fierceness rivalling the boar and bear.

"A laboratory was this ancient man
A dozen chemic factories in one,
His armored jaws the grist mill of the plan
Ground up the food by which the rest were run.

The stomach next to mix the mess for all
And to each part its portion duly pass,
Each brewing vat and factory for gall,
And vinegar and sugar, soap and gas.

"Thus for himself did each his food digest,
With complex organs seldom sure of rest
From jumping toothache, peritonitis,
Piles, gripes, colic or appendicitis.

We may congratulate ourselves indeed,
From these uncanny insides we are freed,
No more like beasts the beastly load to tote,
Nor scavengers in periodic rote.

We have their products better formed abroad,
As coats and hats are made or timber sawed,
What nature put on each one at the start,
A few now do for all the rest by art.

"And so by his anatomy and shape
The manner of his living, food and drink,
This man was half way twixt us and the ape—
And more—A deeply interesting link!

"My lads these foot-prints mark and ponder well
The story they so eloquently tell
Of progress striding at a mighty pace;
Then courage, take; fresh courage for the race.

By evolution, from the ancient ruts,
With vast expansion of the brain and soul,
At cheap expense of muscle, teeth and guts,
We see it lifted towards a glorious goal.

"A lesson too in duty let us learn
As taught by this unprepossessing man,
That we our place in nature may discern,
And like him make our mark as best we can;

And mold our foot-prints shapely, sharp and trim,
And give to our posterity the chance,
To write us up in science and romance,
And talk of us as we have talked of him.

Reward? Done duty brings its own reward,
To shirk or slight we can but ill afford,
Besides how great the pleasure just to think,
Oneself discovered as a Missng Link!"

What the New Woman will do with the Men.

A SONG OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Prelude and Chorus.

'Tis a puzzle, 'tis a puzzle-uzzle-uzzle,
To know what to do with the men,
For things have gone kerflop, and the woman is on top,
And the rooster has surrendered to the hen.

* * *

Our mothers knew no better than to let their Hubbies rule;
But we've been educated in a very different school.
It never was designed that we should take the second place,
'Tis not agreeable to us, nor better for the race.

We have responsibilities we never ought to shirk;
The church to run, the laws to make and other weighty work;
The girls and boys to educate, the ship of state to steer;
And Man to watch and regulate and keep within his sphere.

Just how we are to deal with man we're not at all
agreed,
Some say we'd beter take him in, while others
say that he'd
As well be quietly ignored. But it appears to us,
We ought to do the best we can to utilize the
cuss.

That man has ingenuity we may as well confess,
His works, his assiduity and cleverness express,
His locomotives on the land, his ships upon the sea,
Do indicate mechanical superioritee.

He's good at cultivating land and feeding herds
and flocks;
And building railways and canals and watering
their stocks;
He knows the art of tunneling and mining under
ground,
And where the silver, diamonds, gold, and pre-
cious stones are found.

He spans great rivers wide and deep with bridges
vast and high,
Of stout steel beams and rods criss-crossed—
steel "cobwebs in the sky."
He builds our factories and stores, our churches,
dwellings, schools;
And does al sorts of monkey work with funny
looking tools.

He makes machines for writing, sewing, darning
socks and knitting;
For threshing grain and weaving cloth and saw-
ing rocks and splitting;
And instruments of music too; for thrumming,
drumming, tooting;
And other things for killing folks by blowing
up and shooting;

And great machines that go by steam that books
and papers print;
And stamps for pounding money out of metals
at the mint;
And telgraphs and telephones and microphones
and such
Contrivances in multitudes enough to beat the
Dutch.

Now we by proper management can handle him
with ease,
And reap the profits of his work, and there's
no doubt that he's,
A necessary evil—we are very sure of that;
And saying we've no use for him, is talking
through a hat.

With sturdy bones and muscles strong rejoicing
in their might,
And brawny back for burdens and a head-piece
fairly bright,

And fingers trained to labor and some more good
points of his,
We'll find him very handy; we can use him in
our biz.

And when in merry-making mood, diversion we
would seek,
A smile or nod will fetch him quick, obsequious
and meek,
With mild flirtation, dance or sport, as we may set
the pace;
Still heeding that he ne'er becomes forgetful of
his place.

And when grim-visaged war appears and foes
invade the land,
And there shall be for soldiers an imperative
demand;
To meet the gory sacrifice, inevitable then,
We'll send our cheapest citizens. Of course that
means the men.

But now 'tis plain, our burden is, to make all
wars to cease;
To cast the devil out of man and start the Age
of Peace;
To yank him from the brutal stage and plant him
on the Human—
Good gracious! what a job we've got, to evolute
the New-Man.

Dr. Darwin; A London Ballad

Anonymous.

Oh, Doctor Darwin he's the man
To tell us how the world began
You may believe him if you can,
Sing ho for Doctor Darwin.

Now Peers to Herald's College throng
To learn to whom they all belong
For all their quarterings are wrong
According to Doctor Darwin.

Hokey, pokey, monkey, fun,
Wonders never will have done,
Huxley and Lubbock and every one,
Supporting Doctor Darwin.

Some trace their pedigree so far
With Garter, Coronet and Star,
Yet no one knows how old they are
According to Doctor Darwin.

The Howards and Gowers and all that lot
Were born to be I know not what
But whence they came at last we've got
According to Doctor Darwin.

It's true that these Aristocrats
May bill and coo like ava-de-vats,
And yet they came from water rats
According to Doctor Darwin.

The fish in shore and out at sea
Related are to you and me
Think of that when you've shrimps for tea,
According to Doctor Darwin.

To think a baby that has gone
Through every phase before it was born,
Should end in becoming the Marquis of Lorne
According to Doctor Darwin.

Hokey, pokey, monkey, fun,
Wonders never will have done,
Huxley and Lubbock and every one,
Supporting Doctor Darwin.

If ever since the world began
We rise by preconcerted plan—
Why call it the descent of man,
According to Doctor Darwin.

And as the races intermix
You can't be certain about the chicks
What can't you graft on briar sticks?
According to Doctor Darwin.

If marriage be arranged above,
And crow be wedded to a dove,
It shows how we get crossed in love,
According to Doctor Darwin.

Moses and Ezra's Version.

Tit for Tat. By J. B.

About six thousand years ago,
The gods from lying rather low,
Roused up to build a world or so,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Strange they had lain so long and still!
They had the power, but lacked the will,
There was no doubt about their skill,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Well, they commenced one Sunday morn,
In muggy weather dark and lorn
To figure how a world is born,
According to Moses and Ezra.

And first of all they called for light,
For everything was out of sight,
Could not distinguish black and white,
According to Moses and Ezra.

So one of them produced a match
And turned to find the place to scratch*
And light there was in quick dispatch,
According to Moses and Ezra.

*See Ex. 33-23.

This light they struck when they begun
Illuminating what was done,
They needed to see in building the sun,
According to Moses and Ezra.

They should have made the sun at first,
And then if worse should come to worst,
Or anything mayhap should burst,
According to Moses and Ezra;

Or, if the wind had blown it out
And left them groping all about,
His shine would help beyond a doubt,
According to Moses and Ezra.

This Sunday work, 'tis very true,
Is not permitted me or you,
But Great Jehovah was a Jew,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Blue Monday next—the day was spent
In working on a firmament,
Whate'r that was or where it went,
According to Moses and Ezra.

This firmament was thin as air
Or other very light affair
Through which the lightnings rip and swear,
According to Moses and Ezra.

And when it rains the waters pour
Through gates they open in the floor
Above the stars where eagles soar,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Some say it was a lid of glass,
Or shield—and partly made of brass,
A notion rather queer and crass,
According to Moses and Ezra.

At any rate it can't be found;
They've searched the sky and searched the ground,
And each suspicious dint and mound,
According to Moses and Ezra;

If peradventure some great smash,
Had pulverized it into hash,
In sparks that fly when meteors crash,
According to Moses and Ezra.

And so they lost a precious day
Or half at least as I should say
Without the means to make it stay
According to Moses and Ezra.

And then forgot the milky way
Or thought it baby stars at play
Or refuse chaos thrown away,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Tuesday's work we must commend
As means adapted to an end,
Dry land and vegetation blend,
According to Moses and Ezra.

But stop! the rain had been forgot
And everything was dry and hot
And business hindered quite a lot,
According to Moses and Ezra.

For while it was so awful dry
For raising pumpkins, corn and rye
'Twas hardly worth their while to try
According to Moses and Ezra.

For it is plain as it can be
If weather makers can't agree
To make the sun dish up the sea,
According to Moses and Ezra.

And sprinkle it upon the soil
Our work is unrequited toil
If drouth our garden sass should spoil
According to Moses and Ezra.

As yet the sun had not been made
And plants were wilting in the shade
And languishing in bloom and blade
According to Moses and Ezra.

How long forsooth could this endure?
Not many days we may be sure,
Unless they haste the solar cure,
According to Moses and Ezra.

The church despite ungodly jeers
Has wrenched the day so it appears
And spun it out a thousand years,
According to Moses and Ezra.

And yet I think I hear you say
Work to the Gods is merely play,
They'd do it all in half a day,
According to Moses and Ezra.

On Wednesday stars and moon and sun
Their brightening glory just begun,
Receive their orders how to run,
According to Moses and Ezra.

And how to stand and shed their light,
The sun by day and moon by night
Suspended at the proper height,
According to Moses and Ezra.

And so the stars were safely swung,
As from the firmament they hung,
With chickens roosting all among,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Thursday was the busiest yet;
Feathers and wings and tails to get;
The birds to hatch and hens to set,
According to Moses and Ezra.

'Twas hard to make them fit, poor things;
Just hear that linnet while he sings—
I cannot fly please fix my wings,
According to Moses and Ezra.

They formed the fishes too that day
And learned how water softens clay
To dissipate and float away,
In spite of Moses and Ezra.

And when they put them in to swim
However shapely, neat and trim,
Their tails soaked off and lost their vim,
In spite of Moses and Ezra.

At last they raised them from the eggs,
And mostly destitute of legs,
But some were born with crooked pegs,
According to Moses and Ezra

The most of these were seals and whales
With flipper fins and fishy tails
That smote the brine like thresher's flails,
According to Moses and Ezra.

A serious bull they made right here
  Though bulls are mammals, that is clear,
And in the class with bear and deer,
  In spite of Moses and Ezra.

When they were got to suit their wish
  They taught these mammals how to fish,
And thus provide a Friday dish
  According to Moses and Ezra.

That made them swim and fight and dive
  To snatch their booty while alive,
And let the active fit survive,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

And so this wonder came about
  How by the evolution route
All creatures change inside and out,
  In spite of Moses and Ezra.

Friday came with skip of dawn
  The workers stretch themselves and yawn,
'Tis clear they're fagged in brain and brawn,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

Yes they are tired that's confessed,
  They've worked with rather too much zest,
But Saturday's a coming rest,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

When they can snooze beneath the trees,
Enjoy the cool, refreshing breeze,
And eke repent they'd made the fleas,
According to Moses and Ezra.

This Friday sure must see them through,
Despite the odds and ends to do,
Enough to keep them all estew
According to Moses and Ezra.

Some mammals made the day before
Were changed (as mentioned) on the shore.
But now they wanted many more,
According to Moses and Ezra.

The elephant, skunk and wanderoo,
Giraffe and sheep and pig and gnu,
And rats and gophers not a few,
According to Moses and Ezra.

What day it was the snakes were made
Cannot with certainty be said,
But they were hatched from eggs they laid,
According to Moses and Ezra.

That Friday morn as it appears
The rain was still in sad arrears,
Three days or else three thousand years,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Perhaps it was the wrong of the moon,
But showers came that afternoon
For corn and cabbage none too soon,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Man

They said now let us make a man
Constructed on a general plan,
To look like us as near as we can,
According to Moses and Ezra.

And so they found some extra clay,
That can't be picked up every day,
And fine enough to form a fay,
According to Moses and Ezra.

So man was made in the image of grace,
Alike in hands and feet and face,
With yet of the monkey a visible trace,
According to Moses and Ezra.

They next contrived a fine resort,
Of name and fame and wide report,
Where every one could feast and sport,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Profusion too of fruits and flowers,
Of running brooks and dreamy bowers
And all delights for passing hours,
According to Moses and Ezra.

So Eden, that delightful place,
The cradle of the human race,
Had every necessary grace,
According to Moses and Ezra.

And everything was made to please,
Except one tree amid the trees,
Put there through pique or just to tease,
According to Moses and Ezra.

The tree of knowledge was its name,
To eat thereof was deemed the same,
As arrant sacrilege and shame,
According to Moses and Ezra.

The man was to the garden led,
To view the goodies all aspread,
Nuts, haws and berries—black and red,
According to Moses and Ezra.

He spied this fine forbidden fruit,
Denied to man and fowl and brute,
To render gods alone astute,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Desirable to make one wise
  Delightful to the longing eyes,
And ah, what dreams of apple pies!
  According to Moses and Ezra.

They lay there scattered all around,
  And loaded branches swept the ground,
None such the gods themselves had found,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

But Yahweh charged the man he made,
  "This knowledge-fruit you see displayed
Is for us gods—not you," he said,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

"For you 'tis only made to **spy,**
  The day you **eat,** that day you **die,**"
The serpent whispered; "What a fib,"
  According to Moses and Ezra.

This man was such a rustic clown,
  Unwashed his feet, unkempt his crown,
His hairy hide a tawny brown,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

They said they'd look him up a spouse,
  To help him gather haws and browse,
His mettle and ambition rouse,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

They thought perhaps one might be found,
By looking carefully around,
Or one they might with care impound,
According to Moses and Ezra.

And so they made a grand parade,
Of all the beasts the gods had made,
The man reviewing in the shade.
According to Moses and Ezra.

And names he gave to all that crew,
'Twas quite a job for one so new,
Perhaps the snake helped out some too,
According to Moses and Ezra.

They searched the herd of animals through,
Of many a form and temper too
But found not one they thought would do,
According to Moses and Ezra.

They clear forgot the chimpanzee,
Though like to Adam as a bee
Is like a drone. Demure was she,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Her lodging was the family tree
She was of uppish family,
And of the longest pedigree,
According to Moses and Ezra.

At last perhaps that's what he got
The rib tale sure is clumsy rot
Put up no doubt to hide what's what.
According to Moses and Ezra.

But possibly they failed to spy
The chimpanzee when perched on high
Among the leaves; the crowd passed by.
According to Moses and Ezra.

They said at least to camp alone
'Twould never do but we, 'tis known
Can make a lady from a bone,
According to Moses and Ezra.

To be for him a likely wife
To last the tenure of his life
And share and share his strenuous strife,
According to Moses and Ezra.

They then threw Adam in a doze
With anesthetics up his nose,
Just introduced as I suppose,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Then cut him open—! I declare!
And found a rib he had to spare,
Then sewed him up again with care,
According to Moses and Ezra.

The great Jehovah seized this bone,
And started for the woods alone,
Just how he did was never known,
According to Moses and Ezra.

But from this bone a girl was made,
And brought to Adam in the shade,
Just following the grand parade,
According to Moses and Ezra.

How could a little bone become
A damsel blooming like a plum,
Of years mature for chewing gum!!
According to Moses and Ezra.

Is this a stratagem we see,
To give the man the best that be,
A gentle lady Chimpanzee?
According to Moses and Ezra.

And so they gave her to the man,
And ever since the world began
They've followed out this same old plan,
According to Moses and Ezra.

But tune our song a different lay
The man it is, that's given away,
The woman is mostly all the play,
According to Moses and Ezra.

How craftily the weaker rules
  Without the tutoring of schools!
Finesse and art her winning tools,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

The men are managed—so tis said
  By stomach culture—not the head,
When full they follow where they're led,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

They only have to make them eat
  Of goody-goodies tart and sweet
And generous wines and royal meat,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

* * *

Dear hubby said this artful spouse,
  The grub this management allows
Is hardly fit for pigs and cows,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

Bullberries, nuts and haws and hips—
  Whene'er they pass my hungry lips,
Most always give a spell of grips,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

Says Adam what now—tiresome tease—
  We don't find johnny-cakes on trees,
And honey brings the stings of bees,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

Says she, I know 'tis muchly so,
But where did all this wisdom grow?
Don't juice from Jahveh's apples flow?
According to Moses and Ezra.

Said Adam, not for me, nay, nay.
I would not dare to disobey,
The curse declares, you die that day!
According to Moses and Ezra.

All that is very well she said,
But where does Jahveh plant his dead?
That fruit but makes us smart instead,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Says she this story's all a fake,
The fruit is fine to eat or bake,
I've sampled it likewise the snake.
According to Moses and Ezra.

These mysteries and bogy rules
Are only made to manage fools,
And twist them into easy tools,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Said he you keep that snake too near,
He whispers mischief in your ear,
I've watched the rascal's cunning leer,
According to Moses and Ezra.

And yet I half believe it's true,
  The things the fellow says of you—
That yarn about the rib won't do,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

I never had a rib to spare,
  Just feel, you'll find my ribs all there—
Nor never slept like that I swear.
  According to Moses and Ezra.

He says your grandpa lived in trees
  And spent his time in catching fleas
Like all the other Chimpanzees,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

Your name is Lilith so they say
  You sport with dragons in their play,
With Satyrs dance the nights away,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

Boo-hoo cried she 'tis mean of you,
  To 'blieve them tales that is'nt true,
That snake has been too thick with you.
  According to Moses and Ezra.

When Adam found he'd made her cry,
  No charge of cruelty could lie,
His sorrow shone in lip and eye.
  According to Moses and Ezra.

"Tut-tut my sweetheart, never mind,
I did not mean to be unkind
To all your faults I'll be stone blind,"
According to Moses and Ezra.

One may of beasts suppress his fears,
Nor care for jesters and their jeers,
But none can stand a woman's tears.
According to Moses and Ezra.

'Tis clear enough he meant no wrong,
('Tis here I think such things belong)
They hugged and kissed as in the song,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Quoth he, henceforth thy name is Eve,
Mother of all the living, live!
And in their lives all things achieve,
According to Moses and Ezra.

The victory declared to her,
She grinds her ax with many a purr,
And strokes the right way of the fur,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Said she, "A rule of etiquet,
Round which our tribal ethics set,
Makes man his sphere our food to get,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Now Adam dear, don't lag behind,
But lead with your superior mind,
I'll show you something you can find."
According to Moses and Ezra.

Then she made haste to fetch some fruit
And held it to her hubby's snoot,
"Such food is worth a God's pursuit."
According to Moses and Ezra.

And as he munched and crammed, he cried,
"I'm sure 'twas not the snake that lied,"
Such glorious food I ne'er have tried.'
According to Moses and Ezra.

But scarcely were these praises said,
He felt a swelling in his head,
And legs bewildered in their spread.
According to Moses and Ezra.

And then cried he too much I see,
'Tis double you and double me
And two of every bush and tree,
According to Moses and Ezra.

For every thing I saw before,
I now see two or even more,
The cause of that, I can't explore.
According to Moses and Ezra.

Of course said she, that's what I said,
When on this knowledge-fruit you've fed,
Fresh learning always swells your head.
According to Moses and Ezra.

My, my, cried Adam, You're a sight,
How came you in this sorry plight,
Without a stitch on, black or white,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Said she I'm just like you I'm sure,
A naked beau must one endure,
If one in clothes one can't procure.
According to Moses and Ezra.

Am I in that fix too? cried he,
Then looked to see what he could see,
"By George, 'tis so, I must agree,
According to Moses and Ezra.

You've got us in a pretty scrape,
If we but had a shawl or cape,
Or anything our backs to drape!
According to Moses and Ezra.

The rest are all well fixed for clothes,
On every one some garment grows,
Put there at first as I suppose,
According to Moses and Ezra.

* * *

Now Yahwehs work was done for good,
  At least that's what he understood,
He thought he'd done the best he could,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

But ah, the best laid schemes of men,
  And mice and gods fail often, when
Just where they're at they little ken,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

Jehovah, glad his work is done,
  Starts for a little sacred fun,
About a half an "hour by sun,"
  According to Moses and Ezra.

For it is cool that time of day,
  And work knocks off and workmen play,
Recruiting for the morrow's day,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

Our parents heard his shout and song,
  The hills the echoing peals prolong,
They couldn't imagine what was wrong,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

And so they hid behind a tree,
  Where great Jehovah could not see,
How destitute of duds they be,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

Here's fruit Jehovah cried, "ad lib,"
I surely hope my little fib,
Scared off that hobo and his rib,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Whew! I'm sure, I smell that snake,
Some one has made a grave mistake,
Who let him in the truth to break,
According to Moses and Ezra.

About the tree of which I spake
That keeps a person wide awake,
And makes him sit and notice take?"
According to Moses and Ezra.

Go put that man and woman out,
No telling what they've been about,
They've spoiled my plans I have no doubt,
According to Moses and Ezra.

But hold 'tis only just and fair,
To hear what say this measly pair,
How they found out their backs were bare,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Jehovah called the bashful pair,
He shrewdly guessed right where they were,
Says he, I said 'twas only fair,
According to Moses and Ezra.

To hear what you have got to say,
  Why did you try to run away,
Now tell us all without delay,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

Says Adam, you see we'd nothing to wear,
  And none of our friends a clout to spare,
A mare with foal we'd surely scare,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

Said Yahweh, that is doubtless so,
  You'd do quite well to scare a crow,
But how came you all this to know?
  According to Moses and Ezra.

By this I clearly understand,
  You've eaten fruit that's contraband,
Against my most express command,
  According to Moses and Ezra.

"That wife you gave to help me eat,
  Smirk, buxom, artful and discreet,
Prehensile toes and graceful feet,
    According to Moses and Ezra.

A witchingly, seductive mate,
  She made me taste the tempting bait,
She picked the fruit—I merely ate."
  According to Moses and Ezra.

"Now mistress what have you to say?
Is woman's tongue in every fray?
Does every failure start that way?"
According to Moses and Ezra.

Said she "the snake gave me to eat,
He seemed a gentleman complete,
He's naught but intrigue and deceit,
According to Moses and Ezra.

With dangerous charms to hypnotize,
And spells that flash from glittering eyes,
And helpless victims paralyze.
According to Moses and Ezra.

Who made the serpent anyhow?"
Says Yahweh "we cannot allow,
Such foolish questions—not just now.
According to Moses and Ezra.

The wife is not supposed to roam
But primp herself with brush and comb,
And ask her man when he comes home.
According to Moses and Ezra.

We shall in man all wit install,
To answer questions great and small —
(As soon as he completes his fall.")
According to Moses and Ezra.

Says Yahweh softly, "Curse that snake,
How came I such a beast to make,
We'll have to have a burning lake,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Not elsewhere in the book of fate,
Are gods required to integrate,
A beast so insubordinate."
According to Moses and Ezra.

Adam! for this I'll make thee sweat,
These premises are now "to let,"
And other quarters thou must get.
According to Moses and Ezra.

And in thy going go at once,
And own thyself an arrant dunce,
To trade thine ease for sweating stunts,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Yea, thou shalt till the stingy soil,
To wrench thy living by thy toil,
With blistered hands and brains abroil.
According to Moses and Ezra.

Dust thou art, to dust return,
Addressed to whom it may concern,
Proclaims a fiat all must learn,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Yea, that was spoken of the whole,
The language don't exempt the soul.
You're made of mud from heel to poll,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Hokey, pokey, monkey, fun,
Wonders have but just begun,
The pope and bishops and every one,
Supporting Moses and Ezra.

And to the woman Yahweh said,
"Poor thing thou hast but little head,
Brains can't be made of bones or bread,
According to Moses and Ezra.

The cunning serpent slily steals,
To bruise thy childrens naked heels,
His head they'll smash neath auto wheels,
According to Moses and Ezra.

No longer shall he upright stand
But drag his belly in the sand
Nor shall he talk—'tis our command,"
According to Moses and Ezra.

* * *

They made them skirts of leaves of figs,
All smartly stitched with laurel sprigs,
And these they fancied dandy rigs,
According to Moses and Ezra.

But great Jehovah fashioned coats,
With skins he peeled from sheep and goats,
The serpent slily taking notes,
According to Moses and Ezra.

They guaranteed the best effects,
Most strictly as the style directs,
And tailor made in all respects,
According to Moses and Ezra.

The Gods then drove that couple out,
And put the bars up crank and stout,
With cherubim to guard the route,
According to Moses and Ezra.

All armed to keep the tree of life,
From simple Adam and his wife,
With blazing sword and butcher knife,
According to Moses and Ezra.

And loaded them with burdens sore,
And strange—ne'er heard of them before,
Tithes, taxes, rents and bills galore,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Come drop a tear for hearts that break,
Compelled their sorrowing way to take,
And leave their Eden to the snake,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Great Yahweh! do you call it fair
The way you used that hapless pair,
And made them hapless as they were?
According to Moses and Ezra.

Poor things had never been to school,
Of learning never learned a rule,
Just such as any one might fool,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Angel, devil, priest or snake,
Could steer them any way to take,
To hunt a job with hoe and rake,
According to Moses and Ezra.

They drifted aimless east and west,
They little knew nor even guessed,
The craft to which they fell possessed,
According to Moses and Ezra.

Likewise a tear for Yahweh's sake
Commend his well meant aim; to make
Delights of which all might partake,
According to Moses and Ezra.

And dream for aye and never wake,
Choused by that slick, deceitful rake,
His plans all ruined — *by a snake,*
According to Moses and Ezra.

Donkey, flunkie, monkey, morn,
So that's the way the world was born?
Straight as a string I dare be sworn!
According to Moses and Ezra.

And this is what they sit and tell,
If you believe not, go to hell,
How safe this doctrine; likewise swell,
According to Moses and Ezra.

His work—he called it very good
When fate humiliating; rude
Butts in to make things understood,
According to Moses and Ezra.

And Yahveh took his last adieu,
"Oh Earth, with thy distracted crew,
How Heaven was mistook in you!"
According to Moses and Ezra.

No priest e'er clutched his crafty graft
Extorted from the duped and daft,
But slily hid his face and laughed,
The same as Moses and Ezra.

Cupid.

There was a Goddess of the Ancient Myth
Whose husband lame and grimy was a smith
Who kept his forge within Mount Aetna's peak
Where 'mid the frightful din and flame and reek
His jours, the Cyclops, forged the thunderbolt;
That Jove who loved our stupid race to jolt;
Kept safe in stock high in the upper world
On Mount Olympus ready to be hurled.

This blacksmith's name was Vulcan and his spouse
The Goddess Venus; whom the myth allows
The lovliest of her sex. She had a child;
Cupid by name, in outward semblance mild,
And smirk and gentle as a cooing dove
Yclept and pictured as the god of Love.
But, scandalous! ! It blushes me to state
This infant god was illegitimate.

His father was the god of war; bold Mars,
Of aspect fierce and gashed with battle scars,
So Cupid taking on his warlike arts,
Is represented armed with bow and darts,
A torch he bears to show wild passion's flame
This he inherits from his mother's side,
He makes of perforated hearts his game,
Gathering multitudes from far and wide
His malice gloating o'er their pricks and stings,
And as for clothes he's nothing on but wings.

The poets teach us by this mythic lore,
How very close akin are love and war.
When Cupid speeds his arrows on their flight,
They course in pairs by two divergent ways
One doth a maidens tender heart ignite,
The other fires her swains more fetching blaze.

'Tis often seen how hearts have been mismated,
And fancy deems the gods have been unkind
'Tis all because some wretched fate has fated
To make this double-dealing god-ship blind,
Not seldom Cupid blindly shoots amiss,
A miss they say is equal to a mile,
Quite often so—a well aimed shot means bliss,
While but an inch or two away, 'tis bile.

Make no mistake, be sure that Cupid's dart
The straightest and the sharpest in the quiver,
Has sped directly to the pulsing heart,
And not the solar plexus or the liver.
Sometimes when conscious of an odd comotion,
Its symptoms misinterpreted by all,
We fain, assign to love a vagrant notion—
Of what is but an overflow of gall.

So, oft when troubled with these inner ills
Tis not a case for parson but for pills.

How many picturesque old Gods have died;
Whose tales I fear the prosy facts belied—
Apollo Pluto, Neptune, Jove and Mars—
Some of them do duty yet as stars,
But Cupid I affirm is still on hand
And "doing business at the same old stand."

I'd think his ancient armor rather lame,
Surprising how he gets there just the same,
If he could see and had a modern gun,
Who would be safe in all the land, not one!

Just note the ravages this god has made
Among our Engineers* this last decade.
Bert Emery first he forced to set the pace,
With Frank in time to follow right along,
A really rather aggravated case,
Two in one family—'tis coming strong.

There's Harvey Kuhns ('tis saying none too much
A worthy scion of the sturdy Dutch
A well-tipped arrow launched with startling whizz,
Pierced through that pericardium of his
And reached the spot sought by the marksman's
Skill,
He's not recovered yet and never will.

---

* Civil Engineers of C., M. & St. P. Ry.

Next wilful Cupid wildly pointing high,
His fatal arrow cleft the vaulted sky,
And brought down Schoen—of high and mighty frame,
A genial Scandian with a High-Dutch name.

George Pasko next he pinked—how did he know
Blind god—that this time he must fire low?
George is no slouch himself to shoot a gun,
But in his match with Cupid, Cupid won.

And now Paul Gunstad must not be forgot,
At any rate by Cupid he was not,
A most efficient Scandian is Paul
What if he is, that Cupid captures all.

With groping aim he struck our sunny Hughes
'Twas murderous; Hughes never tried to fly.
He took his fate, 'twer folly to refuse,
When one is slain, can one refuse to die?

The wisest bird they say is Mr. Crow,
With coat of genteel black and cleric airs,
And commonly we judge another so—
As by his style and by the clothes he wears.

Crows have but scant respect for human laws,
But judged by moral standards they have raised,
A loyal crow is no doubt loudly praised,
They seldom croak without sufficient caws.

There's none more loyal than our Billy Crow,
As bachelor, particularly so,
But he escaped the taunt of being stupid,
By yielding at the first attack of Cupid.

And now from Clarence Prescott word has come;
I feared the state of things beneath his vest,
Gene Odbert too—odd if he don't succumb,
And duly come to time like all the rest.

Of course. And likewise at a recent date,
The very same thing happened Tommy Strate.

Yet cautious wisdom peering round might see,
Oft reason why 'twere well to bide a wee,
Hard duties wedlock hides behind it's joys,
How Cupid's craft the glittering bait employs!

* * *

We take whate'er it suits the gods to give,
They name the terms on which the race,shall live,
Such terms as they have named! Upon my word!
Did anything e'er strike you more absurd?

Of course they could have made the human race,
With wings as well as hands and feet and face,
Left out their costly stomachs and their hearts,
Their liver, kidneys lungs—uncanny parts.

Made them immortal indestructible and tough,
Full grown at first, no more than just enough,
To fill a world in comfort just this size,
That none must fall to let some other rise.
Nor where mankind must strive for all they're worth
For room—or, crowd each other off the earth.
The gods might well have spared our hapless race,
The misery of government by pain.

'Twere better, feeling from our souls erase.
And hold us straight if need by force amain,
They could have saved us all the wretched ills,
And maladies of childhood's callow years,
Removed their curse from off the ground he tills,
Abated manhood's sweat and woman's tears.

(I can but think how better it would be
Had they submitted all their plans to me.
Regrets are vain for things we can't forestall.
It could not be, **they thought they knew it all)**.
They did in short devise the brilliant plan
Of marriage 'twixt a woman and a man,

Two dowered specs infinitesimal
In figured speech, a splinter and a spawl;
These figurative scraps of wood and stone,
Fused into one develop flesh and bone.

And blood impelled through artery and vein,
  And nerves the common carriers of pain,
To put the muscles on defensive strain,
  And dash untamed sensations in the brain.

An organism made to be attacked
  On every side at once and mauled and whacked,
With pain and malady and torture racked;
  Small wonder 'tis so often cranium-cracked,
'Tis passing strange that one should last a week,
  Indeed of nature; man's the topside freak.

In howling comedy he's spewed on earth,
  A puling bundle of humanity,
An age it takes to settle what he's worth,
  Or pass upon his doubtful sanity.

A screaming farce he plays in middle life,
  Humbug, greed, pretense and piety,
And hollow, insincere, fantastic strife,
  Sham reformation of "Sassiety!"

And when his life has reached its topmost crest,
  And down the hill the tottering footsteps trend,
And disappointed hopes his soul invest
  In tragedy he meets his final end.

We often ridicule the tasks we do,
To make light of the load, we have to carry,
E'en vent our mirth on solemn things and true,
To love or worship, die, be born or marry;
On friend or king, divinity, or wife,
So laugh it down—the serious side of life.

We sport no end of merry gibe and joke,
Anent the funny matrimonial yoke,
As something merely to amuse or vex,
Then sheepishly we cinch it round our necks.

Then call the neighbors in, a merry rout,
To feast and dance and push the bowl about,
Old saws and jokes to dig up and discuss,
And ne'er perceive the biggest joke's on us.

"Increase and multiply so says the text,
This means that one must get himself annexed,
And this involves the trouble with the heart,
And introduces Cupid and his dart.

So Cupid raging like a blistering bee,
Counts up so many youthful hearts to flay,
As if his duty called on him to see
The race replenished in the ancient way.

Ah well 'tis thus the sovereign Fates prescribe
For every mammal, bird and human tribe,
The dower of the most remotest past,
Endowment of the very latest last.

Pasko's Clock.

George, here's a bit of simple rhyme—
'Twas found outside this box,
Some harmless platitudes on time
And talk concerning clocks.

It must have blown in from the west,
A waif just run at large,
With blizzards cyclones and the rest
Here goes; we make no charge.

* * *

When longer by himself to flock
A bachelor abjures
At first a wife and then a clock
He commonly secures.

Of course he'll need some other things—
A frying pan and ladle,
Some spoons and forks and muffin rings
And pretty soon a cradle.

But stay of that we've had enough
It is not my intention
To make a list of household stuff
And every item mention.

But I would say a word on clocks
And things with which they're mated
They're not like common sticks and stocks,
But seem to us related.

A smart, aristocratic clock
Is conscious of her station,
She shows a proud, aggresive stock,
An air, and animation.

She coyly hides behind her hands
Her well enameled face
And when she goes yet eke she stands
No matter what the pace.

Don't run up debts when buying sox,
Or boots or hats or cloaks,
To go on tick may do for clocks
But isn't good for folks.

(I fancy that's been said before,
I can't tell where or when—
Surviving scrap of old-time lore,
A bit of what has been.)

How singularly queer it feels,
Or I imagine so,
To have one's stomach full of wheels
A whirring as you go.

Yet what's the odds, howe'er it came,
It truly must be said,
Men are afflicted much the same,
But have theirs in their head.

She's independent in her way,
Up she'll serenely bob
And strike a dozen times a day
And never lose her job.

She has her spells of running down,
Wind tenderly and meekly,
Don't be impatient fret or frown,
Remember she is weekly.

And sometimes when you make a date,
Say, sharply ten o'clock;
Though meaning well you still are late,
Delay your stumbling block,

(You won't be always on the dot
You'll sometimes miss your deal)
'Twould be ungallant would it not
However sore you feel;

However grinning Fate may mock,
By luck however cursed,
To lose your head and strike the clock,
Because the clock struck first.

The clock's a female all agree;
With Time confederated—
Of course a masculine is he—
But oft they seem mismated.

He's always on a steady go,
His scythe across his shoulder,
While she is often fast or slow
He's many times the older.

No man is jealous of his clock
Though intimate they be,
'Tis the only plural wed-lock
Where the parties can agree.

'Tis said, long since Time lost his locks
All but the one before
'Twas worry over giddy clocks,
I'm sure 'twas nothing more.

Time keeper she is oft ycleped
As if she held him under
But la! he never can be kept
He's slippery as thunder.

And when her race with Time's begun
She'll have but little leisure,
All she can do while on the run
Is try to take his measure.

In winning smile and fetching gown,
  It might be thought perhaps,
Like other girls she'd hold him down
  By sitting on his lapse.

Time can't be kept that way not he,
  The lesson should be heeded,
Although 'tis tried quite frequently
  It never yet succeeded.

Uneasy, restless night and day,
  Like something on his mind,
Whate'er attracts Time slips away
  And leaves his lapse behind.

As Time strides on both clock and man
  Are growing old apace,
They press no longer to the van,
  And furrows crease the face.

With shaky joints and rattled wheels
  And limbs no longer supple
While languor o'er their senses steals—
  Yes they're an ageing couple.

And youths with patronizing air
  And lore and wit repleted(?)
Advise, "retire superfluous pair,
  And in the rear be seated."

Amid confusing din and rout
We hear both sobs and laughter,
This generation slipping out,
The next one skipping after.

Thus running on year after year,
They've grown a bit unsteady,
And Charon doth at last appear
Announcing; "Boat is ready!"

O Charon, may I take my clock?
How lonesome I shall be
When gruesome phantoms round me flock
In dark eternity.

For when I lie awake of nights
She ticks till dawning day,
Till with the goblins and the sprites,
"The shadows flee away."

And in the night she strikes so loud
Her boldness reassures me,
The ghosts retreat, a frightened crowd
Of nervousness she cures me.

"Will you never end your prate,
Time! Time! You hear that bell?
Time and tide for no man wait;
Time! Time! It is the knell.

The boat is lying at the dock,
The tide is ebbing fast,
Farewell forever to the clock,
The end of time at last!

For this is strictly orthodox
That never-nevermore
Will men find any use for clocks
Upon yon timeless shore.

* * *

Have I neglected all this while,
Midst jest and sigh and laugh,
The homage due with bow and smile,
Toward man's better half —

Those lovely things that live in frocks?
'Tis true—dear bless their lives,
O well; whate'er Ive said of clocks
Just duplicate for wives.

They're very much alike we know,
Uncertain which is master,
For though the woman isn't slow,
The clock is mostly faster.

Here in the lottery of life
'Tis everybody's play;
Ah! lucky George, to draw a wife
And clock the self same day.

Strate's Chair.

Ah Tommy Strate what's this we hear,
  Sweetly sounding full and clear,
As on the breeze it sinks and swells?
  The music of the Marriage Bells!
Our gratulation's due for two,
  Your lovely mate as well as you;
For sure we may congratulate
  The girl that takes our Tommy Strate.

The boys to show their hearty will,
  And eke a common want to fill
Have all chipped in and bought a chair,
  A springy thing all stuffed with hair,
Or moss, to make it soft and warm;
  'Tis rather broad for Tommy's form,
A wider man might sit with ease,
  But yet for two 'twere quite a squeeze.

Agreeable enough perhaps;
  But easier in each other's laps,
They'll sit for many happy moons,
  Spoon fashion; as they say of spoons,

And often, there, he'll sit alone,
With vagrant musings round him strown,
And waking dreams anticipate
A rosy life for Tommy Strate,

Amen! Amen! So mote it be
May all the lucky fates agree
And grant a long and happy life,
With health and fortune, love and wife,
Time flies! We cast prophetic eye—
A few short years! My! How they fly!
We see some kids—one, two, three, four,
I've lost the count—how many more?

Count on, count on—five, six, seven, eight,
(That makes a happy rhyme with Strate.)
They make a rush for papa's chair,
Each strives to be the first one there.
A mass of curly heads go bump!
'Tis nothing to the foot-ball thump
They'll run against years later on,
Their college education's crown.
We look again—this rout is gone
But other broods come trooping on

These scramble now for Grandpa's chair,
With often Grandpa sitting there.
But oft alone the old man sits
While busy memory halts and flits;

And sometimes in bewildered doubt
He asks "What was it all about?"
We're born and grow and reproduce,
And suck of life's corrosive juice;
A mixture of a bitter sweet;
That's all—we die when life's complete,
And to our children leave our seats,
And endless History repeats.
Minneapolis, Dec., 1904.

Odbert's Clock.

When after work, down in his easy chair,
The harried man of family is sitting
The restless fingers of the clock, point where
The mortal moments are forever flitting.

Have we not got an ownership in these,
These fleeting moments dying while we sit,
Shall saying this our consciences appease—
"What can we do to stop them? let them flit!"

The clock in every tick proclaims a time,
A time to labor and a time to rest,
E'en criminals will find it for a crime,
And boys for play, will work like all possessed.

There is a time to court, a time to marry—
Congratulations Gene, you found that time—
And many times there be when schemes miscarry,
And splash us o'er with disappointments slime.

Select your times—tis largely we that take,
For e'en the Gods we partially direct,
The gist of life is often our own make,
Infected virus we ourselves inject.

And last of all there is a time to die,
  But say, just put that off— be firmly steady
Shut up within your will the powers lie,
  That say to death "Wait till I'm good and ready."

So Gene, accept this clock and hearty will
  And seize the moments you select for yours
Large ones that only raining joys may fill
  And prove the mot, "Whene'er it rains it pours."

Her faithful movements do not read amiss,
  How delftly every finger fills its fitting,
The lesson of the clock is plainly this—
  'Tend thoroughly and strictly to your knitting.
But hark! 'tis eight! 'tis shop and office times,
  High time to make an ending of these rhymes.

Clarence and His Clock.

'Twas said we'd duly heard from Clarence Prescott
'Twas something out of fix beneath his waistcoat,
It seems he'd made his mind to come to Time,
They met him half the way with clock and rhyme.

Tis nothing strange sometimes for clocks to stop
In trembling age, the loosened minutes drop.
For feeble clocks Time has but scant regard,
No sentiment when usefulness is barred.

Proud time strides off with elevated nose,
Important in his pride where'er he goes,
'Twas condescending much the way to block,
In gossip on the merits of a clock.

In friendly gossip, Time might stop a clock.
We often meet him coming with a vim,
As busy as a merchant "taking stock",
But never yet has any clock stopped him.

Work is of life the only wholesome way,
Thoughtless is he whose only thought is play.

The same of him who makes of play a labor,
And in some wondrous(?) game defeats his neighbor.

The chief end of the human race is work.
The clock be-times officiates as clerk,
And marks the surplus wealth in swelling store,
And each consignment out makes room for more.

So with your clock be on the best of terms,
Don't disagree on partnership concerns,
Consult her meekly—what she has to say,
Be very sure, at last, she'll have her way.

Hymn to Ashtoreth.

Ashtoreth! Great Queen of Heaven!
Spouse of Elyon, Queen of Love;
Mistress of the Planets Seven;
Marking out their paths above.
Thine be the fruits by Nature given,
Thine the sacred gentle Dove.

When thy Star becomes ascendant,
Joy streams forth from all her rays,
Then her glory shines resplendent,
Then all hail with songs of praise,

Thou dost not cause a guiltless one,
For sinners faults to feel thy rod;
Nor lay on unoffending son,
The father's sins against his God.

Nor righteousness dost thou impute,
Where sin unblushing stalks abroad,
Nor on the head of guiltless brute,
Pretend to lay the sinners load.

Blood ne'er stains thine altar pure,
Blood for sin cannot atone;

Love for evil is the cure,
Love can heal, and Love alone.

'Tis Love that Life perpetuates,
  Transmitting it from age to age,
Its faults and wrongs alleviates,
  And moves, all sorrows to assuage.

Love from the eyes wipes every tear,
  It quencheth envy, malice, hate;
From timorous heart it casteth fear,
  And doth the sin of pride abate.

The widest bounds of Land and Sea,
  Shall not restrain kind Charity,
Her loving rays shall pierce as far
  As thy bright beams, sweet evening Star.

Solomon's Invoice of His Gods.

Chorus:

Take your choice! Take your choice!
  Gods there are in plenty.
You can take the whole invoice,
  Or one or two or twenty.
Take your choice! What's the odds?
  They come in great variety,
With such a multitude of Gods;
  There's danger of satiety.

* * *

Ashdod has presented me,
  With one whose name is Da-gon!
He's built to navigate the sea,
  And so he has no leg-on.
I have but little use for him,
  As seldom I go out to swim.
But when I send my tars abroad,
  They always take him for their God.

Egypt sends us quite a crew,
  Osiris, Isis, Apis;
Chiun, Pan and Ammon too,
  And Typhon and Serapis.

I do not care at all for these,
But set them up, my wife to please.
For surely every man should be
Indulgent in his family.

Ammon sends a demon rare,
The name of whom is Milcom.
A fiend I loathe beyond compare,
Who wants him? he is welcome.
Moloch, is his other name,
But he's a devil all the same.
He dotes on babes and does not care,
Or if they be well done or rare.

From Assyria, come Tartak,
And Nibhaz, and Anammelech,
And Nergal, Merodach.
Benoth, and Adrammelech.
The Sun-god everywhere is Baal,
Whose rays o'er all the earth prevail,
From orient Assyria,
To the far west, in Iberia.

Our fathers, Jahveh owned as God,
And Teraphim, and Elim,
(With thummim, urim and ephod.
And Pillars, and Elohim.

The Brazen Serpent, Moses gave,
From bites of other snakes to save,
Coiled upon a lofty pole,
Still performs his ancient role.

Chemosh is a Moabite,
And great conceit has he.
With Jahveh he did often fight,
And claim the victory.
But I'm resolved on one sure thing:—
They'll keep the peace while I am king.
It always plays the very deuce,
When on the war-path Gods break loose.

Ashtoreth and Elyon,
Have come to us from Sidon.
With Nebo from Babylon;
These can be relied on.
To this confession I am free;
I'm partial to this Trinity,
Because in answer to my yearning,
They promise Power, Love and Learning.

The Host of Heaven, is in our plan,
And Ashima from Syria,
And Tammuz,—he's a Lady's man,
And gives them all hysteria.

We don't do anything by halves,—
  Here's Rimmon, from Damascus,
Gad, Meni, Satyrs, Bulls and Calves;
  What further can you ask us?

Ye all are free to feed these Gods,
  Most every one's a glutton.
Pancakes for Ashtoreth,
  For Chemosh, beef and mutton.
But often something good to smell,
  Will serve the purpose very well.
And wine they are supposed to drink,
When poured down Priestly throat to sink.

Chorus:

Take your choice! Take your choice!
  Gods there are in plenty,
You can take the whole invoice,
  Or one or two or twenty.
Take your choice! What's the odds?
  They come in great variety,
With such a multitude of Gods,
  There's danger of satiety.

Welcome to Belkis, Queen of Sheba.

Queen of the South-land thy journey is ended;
  Tedious and dusty and long was the way.
Now let recreation with resting be blended;
  To fill thee wth pleasure and gladden thy stay.

We give thee a kindly and cordial good greeting;
  We pledge thee with bumpers in flagon and bowl;
  With plenty of good things for drinking and eatng;
  With feasting of reason and flowing of soul.

Thy presents have filled us with wonder and pleasure;
  Ther value prodigious, a limitless treasure;
Variety endless, almost beyond measure;
  For a help in our labor a cheer in our leisure.

There's beautiful sandal-wood yellow and white
  And black and red ebony, polished and bright;
And rich alabaster-cups, boxes and vases;
  And burnished bright mirrors, reflecting our faces;

And peacocks most gorgeous in red, green and blue,
And all combinations of color and hue;
With voice loud and screaming and tail spreading wide
Proclaiming abroad their importance and pride;

And mimicking monkeys all action and grace,
And apes with a human expression of face
Constructed like counterfeit copies of men,
To show what our ancestral forms must have been;

And parrots instructed with infinite pains,
To show how a tongue may be run without brains:
Some featherless bipeds it shames us to tell;
In this regard copy the parrots too well:)

And African darkies with unctuous skins;
And legs lean and lanky and prominent shins;
Reliable skull and a wool-covered head;
And nostrils and feet with a lateral spread;

Condemned to be servants to every one;
The fault of their grandfather Ham to atone:
(That same; it appears like a rather grim joke:—
To asses retribution on innocent folk:)

And myrrh and frankincense, gum, cinnamon, rice;
And ointments and perfumes and cassia and spice;
And silver and ivory and diamonds and gold;
And rubies and emeralds,—the half is not told.

And when toward thy Sheba Queen Belkis thou turnest,
We beg thee to laden the whole of thy train
With the things of this land ,as a token and earnest
Of good-by and welcome again and again.

Load camels and horses and asses and mules,
With corn, oil and honey and wine for a nip;
With saddles and harness, tin, copper and tools;
And al you can take home, or use on the trip.

Take sirup and sugar and jelly and jam;
And pickles and chow-chow and ketchup and ham;
And doughnuts and sausage and crackers and bread;
And all that you need for a number one spread.

Take hammers, saws, axes and chisels and awls,
And skillets and spiders and ovens and pans;

And sandals and turbans and dresses and shawls;
And hair-pins and brushes and feathers and fans;

And carpets and curtains and linen and hose,
And purple and laces and ribbons and bows;
And spoons, forks and dishes and platters and knives,
And everything else that is useful to wives.

For music, be sure that you do not forget,
The shawm and the sackbut and clarionet,
And pipe, horn and trumpet and cornet and flute,
And instruments like these that go with a toot;

And cymbal and timbrel and tambour and drum,
And others like them that are played with a thrum,
And harp, lute and viol and such other things,
Whose music we come at by twanging their strings.

Take spears, bows and arrows, shields, armor and swords,
To settle what cannot be settled by words,
For Ishmael's sons keep a watch night and day,
As they dog you for mischief or lurk by the way.

And during thy visit, far off may its end be,
  Our palaces, gardens and every such thing,
Our wine-vaults and orchards, we gladly will
    lend thee,
  Ourselves and our servants, our Gods and our
    King.

Long life and good health be your Majesty's part,
  Thy subjects, kind, loving and loyal at heart,
Thy neighbors all friendly, thine enemies none;
  And happiness everywhere, "under the sun."

And may the descendants of thy royal race,
  Inherit thy beauty of Figure and Face;
And also, ('twere highly becoming and fit,)
  Inherit King Solomon's Wisdom and Wit.

The Golden Age Before the Fall.

Prelude.

To every Dog belongs a day:
  At least that's what the sages say.
With some 'tis early, others late,
  According to the whim of Fate.

Of all the ages down and up,
  The one we deem the "Day'" of Man.
Commenced while he was yet a pup,
  Directly after he began.

With living high and faring well,
  The lucky dog then had his day.
But long ago,—the Pundits tell
  How accidentally he fell,
  And saw his Golden Age decay.

Chorus:—

Oh! how happy we should be,
  If we only could recall,
The glorious Golden Age they had,
  Before the Fall.

The Golden Age Before the Fall.

In Ancient times our Ancestors resided in the trees,
And they were free and jolly and as happy as you please.

Their toes were made like fingers and their feet were like their hands,
Which, truly they were beauties, but they answered all demands.
Their teeth were made for business and they scratched with long sharp nails,
And swung by strong gigantic arms and held fast by their tails.
They'd scamper back and forth upon the branches of a tree,
To show their strength of muscle and superb agilitee.

Across the boughs they laid some sticks to represent a floor,
But there was nary roof, nor sides, nor fireplace, nor door,
In rain they raised their hands to shed the wet from off their crown,
That's why he hairs upon our arms point up instead of down.

To keep the house it was indeed a very simple thing;
No pies to bake, no pots to boil, no fires, no wood to bring,
A lot of leaves laid on the floor served for their feather beds;
And here they slept coiled up like hoops, with joining heels and heads.

Their toilet was a scarcely more elaborate affair;
And chiefly 'twas devoted to the culture of the hair,
Their fingers served for comb and brush and parting it with care;
Sharp eyes in mutual quest discerned whate'er was crawling there,
And when they went a visiting, the busy gossips sat,
And cracking jokes each other searched for dainties fair and fat,
According to the proverb then as framed by ancient wit;
"Poetic justice' was achieved and "many a biter bit."

The hair they wore down front and back, was safely all their own,
False bangs and wigs they never saw nor was the misery known

Of buttons, buckles, belts and pins, and hooks
and eyes and strings,
To come undone, and liberate their petticoats
and things,
They used no rouge, nor powders white, nor
washes for the face;
Sun-made complexions do not need cosmetics'
saving grace.
Nor was there need, on artificial odors to rely,
They had enough that Nature gave; in fact, a
strong supply.

They never went a shopping then for groceries
and goods;
The hubbies got their provender by prowling
through the woods,
And home they brought great quantities of Durian
fruit and haws,
And figs and nuts and other truck with which to
stuff their maws.
They had no patent leather boots, they surely
never wore
Plug hats, boiled shirts, or overcoats, "all but-
toned down before."
Those things wer not in fashion yet, 'twas long
before the times

Of that old gent we read about, I mean, "Old Father Grimes."

The fashions never troubled them, they had no use for duds,
They never had to scrub or wash, or dabble in the suds,
They monkeyed not with whiskey slings, nor beer, nor cigarettes;
And taxes never worried them, nor plumber's bills, nor debts,
They always "aped their betters" then, it was "good form" you see;
In fact their forms, for aping, were adapted to a tee.
And yet, 'twould much belittle them, to class them with our dudes,
And none would likely e'er mistake their worthy dames for prudes.
They flirted in the tall tree tops, and courted in the groves;
The gorgeous tropic foliage was witness to their loves,
The dowry of the bride in truth was all her husband's goods
Clear title by possession, coextensive with the woods,
The mammas fondled, hugged and kissed, and spanked their impish kids,

And bade them hear the music of the frogs and
katydids,
To sleep they rocked them on the boughs, and
hushed their childish fears,
And mourned and soothed their serious ills, with
soft maternal tears.

The papa ever ready was, the family to protect,
With ponderous jaws, and vise-like paws, and
threatening crest erect,
And roaring, terror-striking voice; and not a sin-
gle beast
That prowls the woods, a fight with him would
relish in the least.
Ah those were happy, happy times, and everything
was gay;
No slavish work; few ills; no pills; no doctor
bills to pay,
They never were exposed to being swindled, rob-
bed and tricked,
There were no thieves to steal their swag, no
pockets to be picked.

But finally their quarters in the trees appeared
confined,
They needed room for "progress," and "expan-
sion of the mind."
So, after many ages, they descended to the ground,

And there the greater latitude of life they sought was found,
And this is what the framers of the Evolution plan,
Mean, when they talk to us about "the great Descent of Man."
But theologians make it out, by some old books they scan,
'Twas owing to an accident and 'twas the "Fall of Man."

On terra firma only could the human race be run;
And just as soon as they came down, progression was begun.
And but for this descent, (or fall, if that is what it was,)
There never could have been a rise, of that I'm very poz,
But ah! their luck in coming down, is doubtful more and more:
They never yet have risen to the state they had before.
And certainly their noses will forever plow the ground;
While Trusts and boodling Aldermen, and Humbugs still abound.

Chorus:

Oh! how happy we should be,
If we only could recall,
The glorious Golden Age they had,
Before the Fall.

I've Developed Since That.

Zibia's Song.

Wise Solomon thinks the development plan,
  Beginning with Monkey and rising through Ape,
Attains to its great culmination in Man;
And it seems, from his logic, there is no escape.

Sanchoniathon too;—in reality he
  Was the first to invent and reduce it to shape,
And announce to the Pundits the true theory,
  Of the way that mankind was evolved from the
    Ape.

Men-kind includes woman, and so it must be;
  (For the scheme covers all things as you will
    agree
That if man has developed so also may she,
  And 'tis easy to point an example in me.

When I was a hoiden I oft ran away,
  To roam through the fields without bonnet or
    hat,
To wade in the brooklets and o'er the hills stray;
  I've developed since that, I've developed since
    thae.

But the sun and the wind when they looked on my face
Spread o'er it a mask of a deep dusky hue,
That hid from my brothers' dull optics the grace,
And the beauty that only to sunshine are due.

The charge of the vineyards they laid upon me;
And oft in the morning while other folk slept,
Tho' I rose with the linnet and wro't like the bee,
Myself was neglected; my vineyard not kept.

Of all my fond lovers I think of but one,
And he like myself, is a child of the sun,
We're sister and brother; a family of three:
El made for each other, Sun, Lover, and Me.

King Solomon's suit was in vain;—'twas too late,
My heart was no longer mine own to bestow,
'Twas yielded long since by the fiat of Fate,
That metes out their portion to all, high and low.

With wonder my brothers perceive where I'm at,
And how very much I've developed "since that,"
And here is a moral, 'tis worth while to know,
While brothers ar'nt looking the sisters will grow!

God? or Nature?

Lines on McKinley's death.

Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me."
These words became a dismal dirge to roll,
Borne on a wave of grief from sea to sea,
The day McKinley yielded up his soul,
The day the nation, plunged in deepest gloom,
Bore his martyred body to the tomb.
Nearer for awhile to thee, nearer to thee;
I fain would set myself to see
Why should we nearer, nearer be,
Nearer, O God, to thee.

The victim sinks before the fatal gun,
Murmuring, "'Tis God's way, his will be done."
Is it, indeed, God's double-dealing way,
To gain confiding trust and then betray?
By treacherous brutal violence to slay?
Can this indeed be God—his way?

Wast thou in league with Czolgosz,
And others such as he?
These brutes do we mistakenly condemn?

Can we, forsooth, draw nigher unto thee
By shaking hands with them?
Did God then know the villain's plot,
Particeps criminis, was he not?
We count accessories before the fact
As criminal as he who does the act.

Did he not hear them plot this dastard deed,
Then hold his peace and let the crime succeed?
Is not all done according to his will?
If not, can he be God and sovereign still?

Stand back, my soul; go not too near, I pray—
I am in doubt of his uncertain way.
Behind his smirking providence
I know not what may lurk;
His harmless looking vesture
May conceal some murderous dirk.
A little further back! not quite so near,
My precious soul! indulge a wholesome fear;
Go not so very near, I pray,
While I investigate his way.

His weak confederates in crime we thoroughly abhor,
And shall we still on bended knees the principal adore?
He giveth stern command to love him still,

With all our heart and soul and strength and will;
On his compulsion must we act a hypocritic part
And brutally suppress the tender instincts of the heart?
How can we love in any God, upon his mere behest,
The awful crimes that in all other beings we detest?

He doth chasten whom he loveth—so saith his book;
Who loveth him he chasteneth most—so doth it look.
What startling fantasy is this
That shocks all sense of righteousness?
What are his strange, insane, fantastic ends?
Men scourge their enemies, but he his friends.
Just in play?
Is that his way?
Him who elects to wear his yoke
Doth he select to point his joke?

* * *

And thou, O Theodorus, "Gift of God"—
Gift with a string—beware his chastening rod
Whose love is cruel, whose caress a thwack,
Who like an Indian gives, then takes it back.
Be doubly ware if signs in him you see
Of growing partiality for thee.

To men before as good and great as thou
('Tis saying none too much, you must allow)
His Judas, Brutus, Czolgosz, Booth, Guiteau,
He sent the fatal golden stairs to show,
And point the way to his cold world from this
With murderous pistol, dirk, or lying kiss.

* * *

If, Lord, I wrong thee, set me right, I pray;
Perhaps thou wast asleep, or gone away,
Upon that critical and fatal day.
In direst need do all Gods fail,
Like Jahweh's ancient rival Baal,
According to Elijah's tale?
Had we no faithful friend in heaven that day,
With power to strike the foul assassin dead,
Or turn his weapon far enough astray
To miss his mark or shoot himself instead?
Yes! Jesus Christ—but where, oh, where was he?
Not at his post where he should ever be,
Espousing our disreputable cause
Of dodging penalties of broken laws?
Did he not hear our agonizing cry
When God's tool Czolgosz fired the fatal ball?
Could he not move him then his purpose to recall
Or did he try?
His business is, the Bible says, to stand
Our tireless advocate at God's right hand,
His boiling wrath to mollify

And our shortcomings qualify,
All moral sense to mystify
And sin for his sake justify.

* * *

Where was the Church, Christ's chosen bride,
For whom a cruel death he died—
To whom he saith,
"What'er thou bind on earth is bound in heaven,
What'er thou ask in faith is surely given."
Bowed to the dust
She prayed as ne'er before;
The storm of prayer it surely must
Have swept within the heavenly door.
Prone on the earth in agony, she cried,
"O save McKinley's life," and yet he died!
Can nothing jar her trust?
The Church bowed to the dust
And soiled her faded tire,
And trailed her draggled skirts
In superstition's mire,
And ashes scattered o'er her bridal robes.
Her aching heart concealed its cruel hurts.
Where was her recreant Lord?
Gone far to other globes?
With newer brides sought fresher bliss,
And "recompense of great reward"
In greater worlds than this?

How oft, alas! a sated, saturated spouse
Wearies of his too obsequious mate
Grown stale and sere,
Forgets his early, ardent, too effusive vows,
Seeks to fresher loves
And bowers in greener groves,
While she, with broken heart,
Still juggling her departiig art
To ward her looming fate
With many a pang of grief and fear,
With many a piteous sigh and tear,
Protests and pleads too late!

O credulous and foolish Church,
Left so sadly in the lurch,
Was e'er a faithful, trusting bride
So cruelly and so sorely tried?
Can you believe you e'er shall see him more?
Your Lord said he was merely gone before,
To build you mansions fine and gay,
Then at the very earliest day
Return, for evermore to stay.
He charged you thus: "Mark what I say:
I may return at any day;
Be ye ready, watch and pray."
He never has been heard from since—
Oh, where, where is your vanished prince?
Nineteen hundred years have flown,

One hundred generations gone;
Such stolid faith the world has never known
As thine—against all reason hoping on.
Where is the shepherd of these sheep?
Where is the promise of his coming—where?
"For since the fathers fell asleep
All things continue as they were."
Alas! he must be dead! he surely is,
Or else these solemn promises of his,
On which the church doth so serenel build,
Would doubtless long ago have been fulfilled.

No bride, but only widow hast thou been
Through all these bitter years
Of persecution, misery, and sin,
Strife, ignorance, and tears.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum,"
So the ancient Romans said;
Only good things as we've known 'em
Must be spoken of the dead.
If he be dead we do forgive
The idle threats and gauzy promises he made,
As he said God forgives our debts
And foolish things we may have said;
But if he lives where death can ne'er befall,
This absolution we hereby recall.

* * *

Somewhere I've read a mournful tale
About a brave sea-faring man,
Who kissed his new made bride good-bye,
Then to the breezes spread his sail,
And put to sea. It was his plan
Just this one voyage more to try.
His youth "knew no such word as fail."
He told his bride that, granting health,
Soon he'd return with ample wealth,
Then settle down and make his home
And hers a paradise on earth.
"Without a home, condemned to roam,
How small the worth or happiness of life—
Or happiness of home without my wife!"

Then from her blooming cheeks
He kissed the teardrops coursing down;
"Cheer up, my love; not many weeks
Shall pass, before your sailor, brown
With sun and brine, shall come again;
Let trusting hope your fears restrain."
Then through her tears, with many a sigh
And parting kiss, she said good-by.

So on the shore they tore themselves apart,
He hopeful, steering for his distant mart,
She turning back with straining heart
To count the tale of tedious hours

Swelling into endless days
That grew to still more endless weeks—
A fearful strain on Nature's powers,
Trying all the mental stays,
Striping auburn locks with streaks.

Now at the end of endless weeks,
His time gone by fourfold,
Why came he not? 'Twas iever told.
What dire calamity befell?
God knew—why did he never tell?
If this be true or not, yet all the same
The sailor came not then—nor ever came.

Now she, poor thing, her mental balance gone,
Dried up the fountain of her bitter tears,
While time apace, untaled, still hurried on—
All blank to her the weeks, the months, the years.

But still mechanically, every night,
Upon a window sill she placed a light,
And every day she wandered to the beach,
And on the spot where last they kissed good-by
With shaded eyes she strained their utmost reach
If peradventure they might yet descry
The lines that marked his old familiar craft.
The neighbors as they passed, with eyes scarce dry

Glanced sadly, whispering, "Poor thing, she is daft."
For thirty years this sad pathetic quest,
Till death in mercy brought eternal rest.

* * *

How like that bride, the Church with weary wait
And watch, that, hypnotized by cleric craft,
Has kept her fruitless vigil far too late.
How pitifully sad: "Poor thing, she's daft."

And yet it seems we dimly may discern
Some hopeful signs of sanity's return
When ghosts dismissed, with all their kin and kith,
Her Jew traditions and her Christian myth,
She seeks for facts. 'Twill still not be too late
To wed true Science for her second mate.

* * *

Were we in God's own image made, as saith his book?
Nay, rather was he made in ours,
With our small faculties and powers.
Long, long it took,
With Evolution's aidful art,
To drift us and our God apart,
And lose his incult image that we boasted at the start.

Why was it thus, O Lord? Why was it thus?
We cannot clearly see
Why evolution should develop us
And not develop thee.
"An honest God's the noblest work of man;"
So once a witty poet wrote;
In parody upon a line of Pope;
And true 'tis noble that we do the best we can
And true a God reliable and just
Is nobler than a God we cannot trust.
But still those ancient artisans of hammer, trowel, and hod—
Whatever could they know about the building of a God?
They built their narrow selves in him with all their human arts,
Their intellect—a feeble glim—their body, passions parts.
But here a strange condition doth appear,
A circumstance quite singular and queer.
While at this job, unusual and rare,
With doubtful taste it seems they made a pair.
One was called the devil, and by some mistake, or whim,
They put what little honesty they had on hand in him.
Were they unskillful bunglers, unacquainted with their trade,

Or was honesty no virtue in the days when Gods
were made?
'Tis not that I'm uncivil, should my preference
seem odd—
Give me an honest devil before a treacherous God.
But ah! they builded worser than they knew;
Their God became a tyrant, hard and grim,
And exercised on them without ado
The character they first devised for him.
He made one-tenth of men stark beasts of prey;
Who greedily snatched everything of worth,
And arrogantly forced all things their way
And by alleged divine right seized the earth.

The rest, despoiled of everything they made,
Saddled, bridled, toiling beasts of burden,
Fain satisfied when by their masters paid
With costless promise of a heavenly guerdon.
He set them by the ears o'er forms and creeds
And theologic strife 'twixt faith and deeds.
The more absurd their creed—the more unprov-
able—
The more their stupid faith became immovable.

He armed and egged the worst against the best,
best,
Sowed hate in every creed for all the rest.
He introduced the fagot and the stake

To illustrate his hell and burning lake,
That all the faithful might anticipate
The chance and promise of their future state.
Free air no longer breathed their stifled lungs;
Free spech no longer spoke their palsied tongues;
Around their willing limbs hung slavery's chains
And bands of superstition crushed their brains.

We lay our listening ears close to the ground,
And faintly catch a dull and muffled sound
Like falling cadences in rhythmic beat,
The firm and measured tread of marching feet.
It is the coming ages marching on—
Search down the file! some one shall succor bring
To tear from us the grip of ages gone,
And from our venomed creeds extract their sting.

* * *

To heathen in their blindness,
That bow to wood and stone,
We show in Christian kindness
A God of flesh and bone.

But no, 'tis but his icon,
An image that we show,
A something that we liken
To God as best we know.

By picture, sign, and token,
  Sharp images we fain—
By written words and spoken—
  Would cast within the brain.

If truth we do no garble,
  What worser do we find,
A thought expressed in marble,
  Than images in mind?

The case we plainly see, then—
  'Tis prejudice that blinds;
We worship, like the heathen,
  The thoughts of our own minds.

Our brain we have that made us,
  Our brawny hand that delves;
Our home-made gods can't aid us—
  We only help ourselves.

* * *

God seemeth not so near
As in the bygone days:
Our faith is on the wane, 'tis clear,
And so are prayer and praise.
His hold on us appears to slip.
Surely he doth lose his grip.
Is he about to disappear,
And, relegated to the rear,

Will he like other gods succumb and die,
And with his fathers and his brothers lie?
Safe, then, more near to be;
Safe, then, draw nigher we
Upon his tumulus to cast a clod
In thoughtful mem'ry of one more dead god.

* * *

When money talks with all its weight
It is no light affair,
But hear our bloated dollars prate
And mark what they declare.

They're made one half of metal.
But the larger half of air,
The ratio's hard to settle,
They're a fluctuating pair.

With this combined variety
Small wonder if they swell
With counterfeited piety,
Mock honesty as well.
These dollars, destitute of common grace,
To nurse their piety in proper place
Have blazoned it across their hardened face,
And ever in the public eye they thrust
This pharisaic gush—"In God we trust."

O thou Almighty dollar! sanctimonious fraud!
In thee we put our liveliest trust;
Especially our upper crust,
And dost thou trust in God?
We trace the root of evil to the lust
That men, O filthy lucre, bear for thee.
Amidst thy bacillus-infected dust
And underneath thy microbe-tainted rust
Shall we learn ethics and theology

Canst thou in godliness enlighten us?
In homilies on cleanliness discuss?
Doth good proceed from evil?
Report thee to the devil!

Naught can thy lying motto mend,
Naught thy foul corruption end,
Short of crucible and fire
Thou impudent and ostentatious liar!

* * *

When measured by the dull, pedantic rules
Of obsolete and antiquated schools,
The wise seem to the witless always fools.
The witless, marking time in tracks their fathers trod,
Start not till stung by fools with facts in pungent prod—

Wise fools, who in their hearts perceive "There is
no God."

* * *

My countrymen! how strange it seems,
That ye will rather be
The slaves of baseless dreams
Than masters of reality.

All demons, gods, and ghosts
Are works of crass imagination,
And purgatory, heaven, and hell,
And grace and reprobation.
Abjectly in the dust we seek
Impossible salvation,
And more abjectly still we dread
Impossible damnation.

Why must we carry still the galling load
Of ghostly trumpery our fathers bore—
Dry, withered figments strewn along the road,
Cast where their fathers mired long before?

Why have we tolerated, all these years,
A priestly class to stride our supple backs,
And trade upon our superstitious fears,
And on our substance lay their cheeky tax?

* * *

Of unfictitious trouble there's enough:
To fight our way with **Nature,** grim and tough,
Unfeeling, stingy, prodigal, and rough,
And coarse and vulgar, truculent, and gruff.

To our fathers, simple minded,
By their superstitions blinded,
She seemed both good and evil—
This virago fierce and odd;
They feared her as the Devil
And they worhsiped her as God.
A worker of enormous force,
She builds forever night and day,
And equally, without remorse,
Deals death, destruction, and decay.

Remaining all unconscious she,
Of proper female dignity,
The same to her or work or play,
To gather up or cast away,
No heed she takes whate'er befall,
She knows no odds 'twixt great and small,
Or difference 'twixt near and far,
Sublime, gross, or ridiculous;
As easily she'll build a star
As fashion a pediculus.

Look round, and everywhere we see
Of her tremendous energy

The marks in every plant and tree,
In every river, mountain, plain,
In frost and sunshine, storm, and rain.
By slow-evolving, complicated plan
She lends her rarest skill to form a man;
Then all the same, philosopher or lout,
In wanton whim, she turns and snuffs him out.

Behold her dashing up the slanting sky!
As lashing forth her snorting, unbroke steeds,
The blizzard, cyclone, flood, and lightning storm,
And mark the startling antics they perform,
As o'er her wild and wayward way she leads.

Stand not too near while she is whirling by,
But nimbly mount behind and seize the reins.
Resisting first, perhaps with sullen squirms,
Insisting, too, on certain forms and terms,
At last she owns the mastership of brains.
Success depends on skill and knowing how;
When duly broke she's docile as a cow.

'Twere nobler that we harness
Nature's forces and her laws,
And make them work for us,
And take the lead,
Than have a Christ to plead a quibbling cause,
And shirk for us,

Or even bleed.
'Twere better far to make them smooth the way
for us
Than hire a thousand unwashed saints to pray for
us.

* * *

What rasping note above the screaming blast?
'Tis Nature's yawp, high in the gamut cast
In storm; in peace and sunshine, mild and tame;
Proclaiming always, everywhere the same.

"My lightnings flash,
My waters fall,
Tornadoes crash and storms appall!
My sun warms up the earth and makes it breed;

All things are here for all who have the need,
For all who have the courage and the greed,
But they alone who have success succeed.
Ye ask for bread, I give you stones;
Go delve, ye'll find it there—
If not, why should I care?
Be men! Get off your marrow bones!
Whate'er you want, go take!
Nought you get from me by prayer
For Christ's or anybody's sake.
No! You cannot beg your way;
You must either work or pay;

Learn a proverb, this is it:
Ex nihilo nihil fit.

'Twas not by predetermined will of mine
I brought ye forth, my human brats,
Not all the graceful virtues in you shine;
I love you not, yet neither do I hate.
No more than bats are ye to me—or rats.
You, too, as well as them I leave to fate,
I reck not happy or disconsolate.
No paltering covenants I make;
No siren promises I sing.
Your choice! I care not which ye take,
Here is the honey, here's the sting.
I have my methods and my ways,
And if they suit, then well and good;
But not for sentiment or praise
Or love, well be it understood,
Can anything be got from me,
Or any law be changed,
Or weakened any energy,
Or any course deranged.
I'm business—can't you plainly see?
No puling sentiment for me!
To me there is no good, there is no bad;
These qualities belong to you to find.
You call that object good which makes you glad,
The evil thing is that which makes you sad.

To all outside your narrow selves how blind:
I made your evil—ergo, I'm unkind!
Yea, I made all things—that is very true;
But not a thing with reference to you.

I am all things that be,
All things are I and mine,
Stars, comets, land and sea,
Air and winds, time and tides,
All, all belong to me—
There's nothing else besides.

I am the Dynamis—Eternal Force;
I hurl the stars each on its several course,
I bind them all with gravitations tether,
And lash the scattered universe together.

I change and reappear in endless forms,
In shivering light, electric waves and storms,
In undulating heat and pulsing sound,
In meteor's fall and vapor's upward bound;
In chemic transformations nervous flow,
In coursing blood and blush's ruddy glow,
In muscle's sturdy pull and pounding heart,
In hate, repulsion, thrusting part from part,
Mysterious magnetism's subtle strain,
Mysterious consciousness of quivering brain,

Affinity and love, like steel to bind;
In growth, sense, feeling, reason, life, and mind.

Each one by his environment is pressed,
Coerced, transformed, and fashioned by the rest,
With wondrous art, in atom, mass, and mole—
The creature of an uncreated whole.

I am environment and creature, too,
Forever dying, shooting forth anew,
Changing endlessly in form and feature,
Endlessly repeating. **I am Nature!**
I am Alpha and Omega, first and last.
The total of the present and the product of the past.
Of all my endless energies the sum.
The fashioner of all things far and near.
The promise and the potency of all that is to come.
I am the Ancient of Days.
I am the Devil whom ye ignorantly fear;
I am the Godhead whom ye ignorantly praise."

* * *

Energy and substance—these two in one comprise
All things that are, or were, or ever can arise.
They form the absolute and comprehensive whole.
In every atom, every mass, behold the two combined,
All matter is the universal body, brain, and soul,
All motion is the universal mind.

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